

THE  
EAGLE-TRUSSERS  
ELEGIE.

A Tract  
Bewailing the Losse of that Incomparable *Generalissimo*.

Gustavus Adolphus,

*The great King of Sweden,*

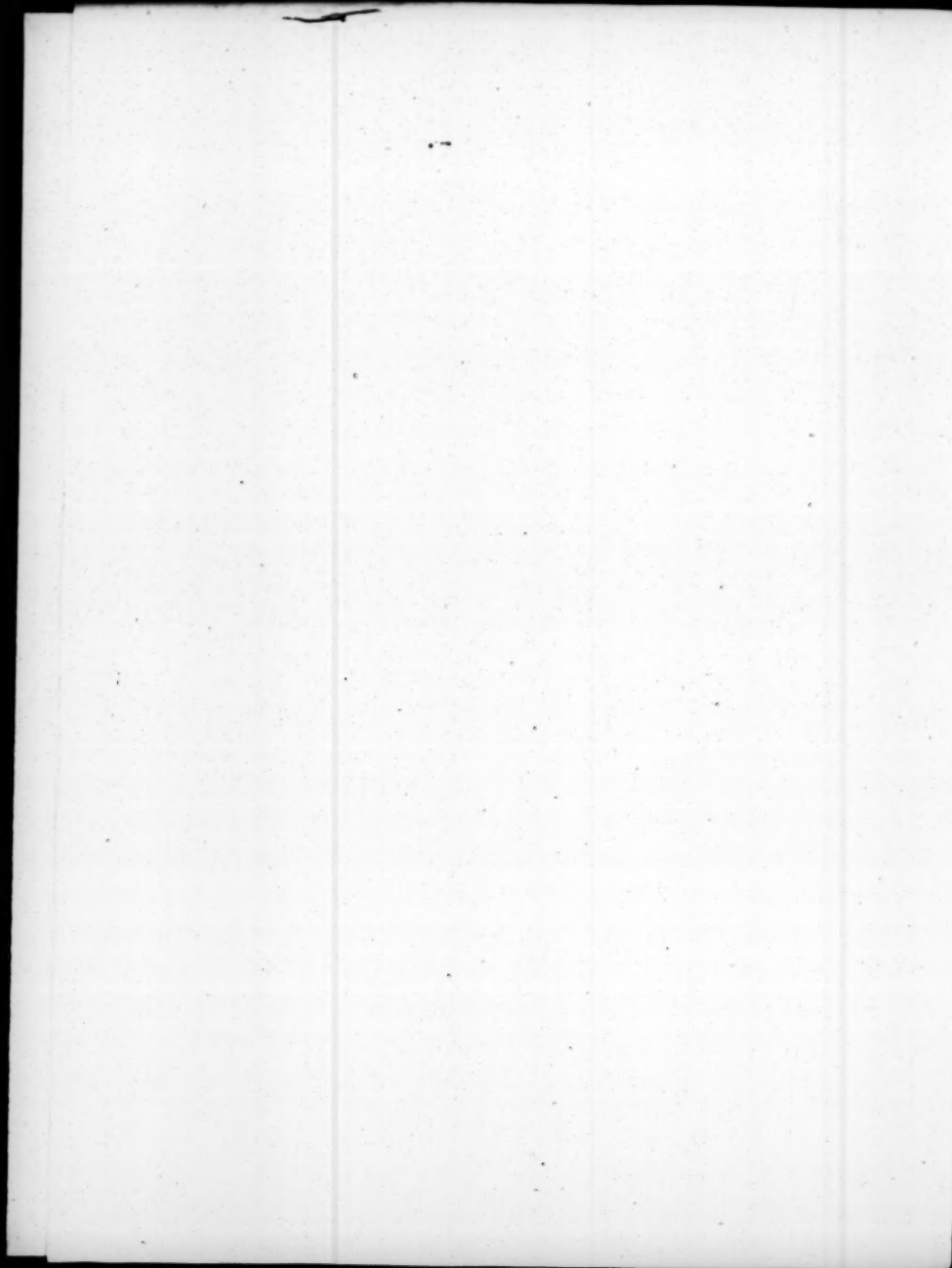
Who after manifold and Glorious Victories,  
left his life also Triumphantly and Laureated  
at the Famous Battle of **LUTZEN**;  
the Sixth of *November, Anno 1632.*

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By G. T. Eq;

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**LONDON,**  
Printed for Charls Webb at the *Boare's*  
*Head* in St Paul's Church-yard 1660.





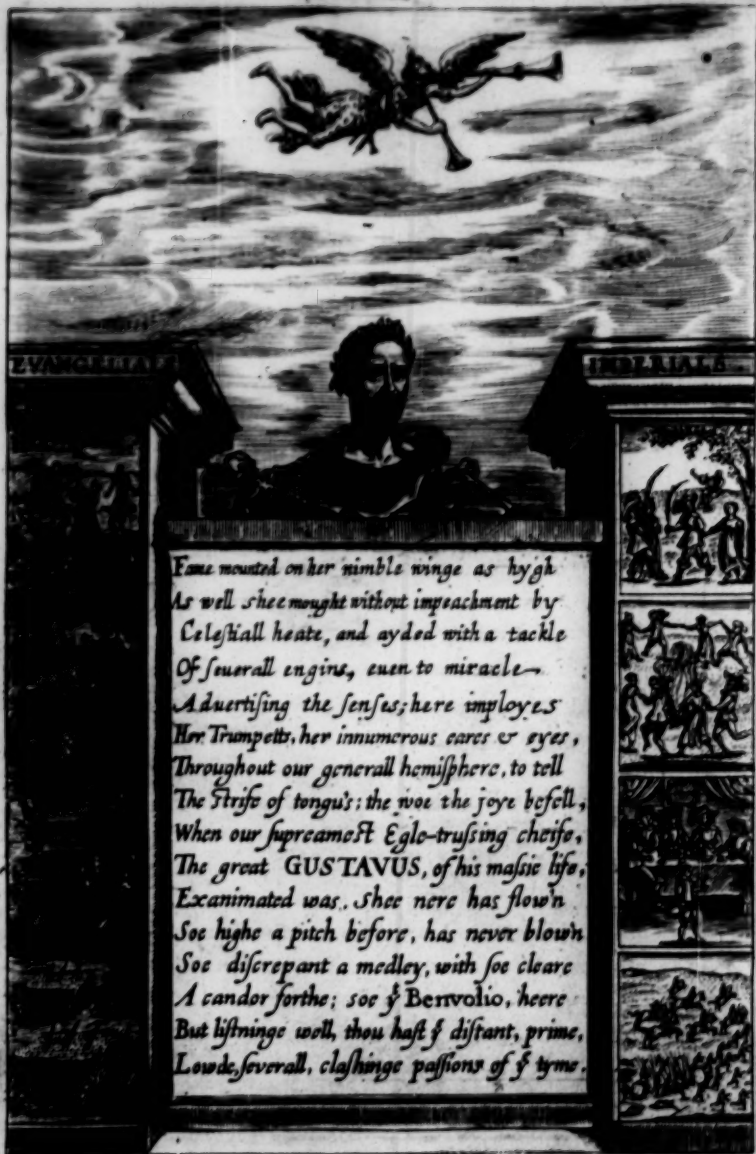
Tho. Wolley Esq. F.S.A.

~~107. 26~~

6. 117. 26 "







Fame mounted on her nimble wings as hygh  
As well shee might without impeachment by  
Celestiall heate, and ayded with a tackle  
Of severall engines, even to miracle.  
Aduertising the senses; here imployes  
Her Trumpetts, her innumerable eares & eyes,  
Throughout our generall hemisphere, to tell  
The strife of tongues: the woe the joye befell,  
When our supremest Eglo-trusting cheife,  
The great GUSTAVUS, of his massie life,  
Exanimated was. Shee nere has flown  
Soe highe a pitch before, has never blown  
Soe discrepant a medley, with soe cleare  
A candor forthe; soe y<sup>e</sup> Benvolio, heere  
But listninge well, thou hast y<sup>e</sup> distant, prime,  
Lowde, severall, clashinge passions of y<sup>e</sup> tyme.

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45.

1. 16.

640.

# To the Reader.

SIR,



*After a sad attraction by the  
per passionate dictates of  
Fame, to become her A-  
manuensis ; and an En-  
deavour in dilating the  
Stenographic, to garnish it with fitting  
height and colours ; the collection was  
intentionally presented an Honourable  
Personage, who had very long and sig-  
nally, obliged my services ; but since the  
Project became a Posthumus, the  
Pen and Presse also but stubbering up  
what should have been done in Print, it  
has necessarily put me upon this farther  
revise ; wherein if either the style be  
quarrell'd for high and difficult, or the  
method as singular and over-fancied,  
yet the concernment of that incompara-*

*A 3*

*ble*

## To the Reader.

\* The Text-  
nick for Hero's.

*ble* \* *Held* Gustavus Adolphus, may  
justly challenge a note beyond *Ela*; for so  
was Godfrey of Bulloign's mettle upon  
mettle, such an elegant Sæleebism, as said  
him able to refine the most staynand to the  
most honourable bearing: Thus with his  
transcendent influence could our Ed-  
ward the black Prince, irradiate that  
præposterous attribute, to set him super-  
superlatively off, and with a rhetoric far  
above the common rate of Conquerors:  
Nor is it improbable, that a fame excel-  
sly culminating, and as briskly sensible,  
should with her swift extravagancy com-  
plicate the distant contrarieties ensuing,  
since our Books will witnesse, that she  
could of yore observe (notwithstanding  
a vast tract of Land and Sea between)  
the great Battels of Platææ in Boe-  
tia, and Micalæ in Jonia, both deci-  
ded the same day; Nay, thus in the  
reign

## To the Reader.

*reign of Domitian, was the defeate of  
Lucius Antonius in Germany,  
brought to Rome by her the same day,  
though above two thousand miles distant:  
so that the severall premises considered, I  
have fittingly presented this volatile dis-  
covery, by the Latitude and Plenipotence  
of her relation; and rather prefer'd a de-  
vious method and an epick-stile, where the  
common road was disproportionable, Nei-  
ther is that Shop to be valued, which has  
not Cloath for Cræsus as well as Co-  
drus, and then again for Cyrus above  
Cræsus; after which account presented  
the benevolent and knowing Reader  
(without resenting any bolted breath of  
others) I subscribe my self*

*His affectionate Servant*

G. T.

## Persius redivivus.

**E***N* postliminio redivivus Persius extat,  
Romano-mastix qui fuit egregius  
*At non ut quondam Romanus : Persius, Anglus*  
*Fam fit, & Angligenas insequitur satyris.*  
*Mira Metempsychosis : Vis & ardor, spiritus idem :*  
*Conveniunt ambo carmine, voce, stylo.*  
*Rideat hic Momus quæ non intelligit, atque*  
*Invideat Zoilus quæ superare nequit.*



R. L.





THE  
Eagle-trussers  
ELEGIE.

*Fame in Person.*



CAN *Hamath* then the great, and populous <sup>a</sup> *No*, <sup>a</sup> Or *Alexan-*  
 Turn into rubble thus ? must *Eurus* lo *dria*.  
 With scatter'd nets of Caterpillers, sup  
 The flower of *Libanon*, and *Bashan* up ?  
 Is all our pomp, but straw and stubble, blown  
 Before the wind ? Ye sons of men take down  
 Your swelling sayls, call laughter mad, reply  
 To joy, What dost thou ? Howl, o howl, ye high  
 And mighty Cedars, knowing that your breath,  
 Is likewise in your nostrils : meager Death  
 Implacably the fairest *Eden* turns  
 A desolate wilderness, to powder churns  
 The most anointed Cherub : even our great  
*Gustavus*, how invictly whilome set

<sup>a</sup> *Ita quasi longevus.*

On his high places, now again goes less,  
Acknowledging the worm his brother. This  
Victorious *Machabeus*, (had he been  
But a (<sup>a</sup>) *Macrobius*, even a *Constantine*,  
It might have trophe'd him,) this chosen shaft,  
In his illustrious range, surmounting oft  
The highest Eagle; he that measur'd hath  
The bridle of our bondage, tyrannous *Gath*,  
And all her sisters, with a line of woo,  
To plunder and demolish; payning so  
The bitter rage, the famine, fire, slaughter,  
Of *Heydleberg*, and others; this devout  
Dread <sup>b</sup> *Polyorces*, this high extoll'd,

<sup>b</sup> In eight months he took in 80 Citties, Castles, and Sconces in Pomerland, and Mechlenbourg.

And eldest son of thunder, now is roll'd  
Up in his leaden sheet. But out alas!  
How am I here surpriz'd? and such a crosse  
Imperuous conclamation now alarm's  
My multiplicitie eare, as almost storms  
It into deafnesse; even alasse so lowd  
Oppugning and tempestuous noyses crowd  
And clash together, such a farce of passions,  
Such worlds of (<sup>c</sup>) *Harangs*, broken ejulations,  
*Ignatian* shoutings, (<sup>d</sup>) *Barrits*, burning vows,  
Even such a *Chorus* in combustion plowes  
The Welkin, I can hardly keep my wing  
To paraphrase the which, running this string  
A little descant. —

<sup>c</sup> Pleadings, or orations.  
<sup>d</sup> A kind of threatning clamour used by the Romans, when joyning battel.

*Fame in Chorus.*

Hark how *Futio* cries  
*Victoria*. *Horne* is broken, *Arnhem* flies,  
The *Saxonies* comply not: nay this fond  
Obstreperous blurt will boast not having don'd

His

His armour, yet as loud, as if about  
 To put it off; and then with many a shout  
 At our disaster, irreligious *Gotz*,  
 His nest of (a) *Brigands*, his (b) *Brigado*, whets  
 Again to blood and rapine; at whose din,  
 Both (c) *Vickermound* and *Pasewalk*, piecing in,  
 Sollicit vengeance; this the Butcher, this  
 The rigid *Arab*, sleep'st thou *Nemesis*?  
 These are the leaches daughters; then they shed  
 Innumerable teares, with Out Alas our dread  
 Alas our dead *Adolphus*! yet the while  
 Are these again so Shuffel'd, with a shrill  
 And crackling laughter, as some wildernesse  
 Of thorns were burning; (d) *Munchen* crying thus,  
 Thus would we have it. I, quoth (e) *Ingolstadt*,  
 Now for your copper King. And hear'st thou not  
 How furious a (f) *Vacarm* is joyntly made,  
 By the fierce Saxon, the victorious Swede,  
 The Frank, the Finlander? even how they drown  
 The world with clamor, make the champion groan  
 Beneath their prauncings? hear'st thou not, I say,  
 What thundring Canonades, promiscuous bray  
 Of ratling drums? or how the (g) *Fanfars* rage?  
 Or how the Fifes? and then what store of fledge,  
 And whistling lead, with On again, and charge,  
 And justice, and *Adolphus*? or how large  
 A throat pragmatICAL *Ignatius* sets  
 Wide open at it? or how (h) *Shwendy* beats  
 The livid ayre with hubbubs? —

ces of *Germany*, where the Jesuits have an Academy. f The boysterous noise of Armies  
 when in battail. g A word of art used by the French for the sound of Trumpets.  
 h The chief Commander of the Boores, opposing the Evangelicals.

a Souldiers so  
 raking after  
 plunder,  
 that the word  
 became by it  
 in disgrace,  
 & to be taken  
 for a theife.  
 b A Brigade is  
 a body more  
 numerous  
 then a Regi-  
 ment, some-  
 time as big as  
 two.

c Two towns  
 in *Pomerland*,  
 which after  
 the Citizens  
 had first been  
 tortured and  
 ravished, were  
 plundered and  
 burnt by the  
 imperialists.  
 d *Monacum*, or  
*Cambodunum*,  
 one of the  
 neatest Cities  
 of *Germany*,  
 & appertain-  
 ing to the *Ba-  
 varian*.

e *Angelostadi-  
 um*, or *Aurea-  
 polis*, one of  
 strongest pie-

<sup>a</sup> Perhaps the  
correction of  
*civitas-scelesta*,  
since accor-  
dingly situate  
upon a River  
named *Il*.  
<sup>b</sup> Colonel Ge-  
nerall of the  
*Crabats*, or  
*Croats* men of  
*Croatia*, the <sup>b</sup>  
being added  
for the fuller  
sound.

The lumber almost deafing like to *Nile*  
Amongst his *Catadupes*, still adding that  
Of *Scelestadt* or *Schlestadt*, (<sup>a</sup>) situate  
With such a bitter brand; of *Sainté-Ville*,  
*Eusebia Vrijburge* now so dreading ill  
To her municip laws; of (<sup>b</sup>) *Isolaïne*  
With his *Crabats*, (or call them else unclean  
Devouring *Harpyes*,) and a passionate rabble  
Of clamorous others, disproportionable  
To my discourse: besides if weighing well  
The dreadfull medley, what nefarious toil,  
May find a perfect, and a continued Passion,  
Amongst these broken ends, with fit relation  
Claiming the *Muses*? so that I should here  
Be silencing abruptly; yet, my dear  
*Panaretus*, must then thy bitter moan,  
Passe as a serpent over-glides a stone,  
And with no tract behind? why, maugre all  
This strife of tongues, some lucid intervall  
May now and then, perhaps, advantage us,  
With thee upon his estimate; and thus,  
(The noise even now relenting,) now thou cryest,

*Fame in Proxie.*

*Panaretus.*

Come death, advance thee boldly, wherefore fleest  
Thou such a precious wretch? I, now thy plaints  
Are luculent enough, imposing rents,  
Sackcloth and dust, for beauty, dernings up,  
Scarlet, and balm. Nay, with a tedious troop  
Of prodigies, thou bid'st the terrene rocks  
Weepe into fens and meers with inter-shocks,

The

The marine cliffes be rudely tumbled o're,  
 Removing Sea-marks, puzzling all the shore  
 With creeks and *Chersoneses* ; doſt enjoyn  
 The (a) *Feichtelbourge*, augment his weeping eyne  
 To *Poes* and *Danubies* ; the Pyramid  
 So valuing (b) *Straesburgh*, his æthereal head  
 Be now ſhrunk in with anguiſh ; (c) *Weret* rore,  
 As diſimboguing even an hundred more  
 Than twenty rivers ; bid'ſt unrip the ryles  
 Of ſumptuous (d) *Rachine*, thatch it now with quilts  
 Of wrathfull Porpentines, or pinions rather  
 By Dragons moulted, or with many a feather  
 Of rigorous (e) *Aello* ; doeſt condemn  
 Her golden fretted rooms to *Ohim*, *Jam*,  
 Iackals, and Satyrs ; blendſt all the ſtars  
 With flaming (f) *Violets*, with fiery ſpears,  
 Injoyning (g) *Xiphis*, that his burning brand  
 A new he raging, further ſtill portend  
 To Diadems, and Scepters ; and that *Sol*  
 Or doſſe his golden hair, or in a caule  
 Of ſad and ruity vapours, wind it up,  
 As relatives appertient to the cup  
 Of trembling given us ; and with ſuch a groſſe  
 Of diſmall ſymptomes to bewail the loſſe  
 Of our *Adolphus* : then with hideous paſſion  
 At the diſaſter, and in contemplation  
 Of what may thence enſue, he bellows out,  
 He ſtill proceeds, with O what reſolute  
*Bonarges* left us now, to counterpoise  
 The fierce *Gran-torio* ? he that ſo deſtroyes  
 Our Lambs, and Turtles, nay the very Kid  
 While in his Mother's milk ; nay children hid

a A hill in O-verſaltz, out of which, the *Eger*, the *Me-nus*, the *Sala*, and the *Nabus*, run four diſſe-ferent waies.

b This Tower is ſaid to be 578 paces high.

c A Lake in Gothia, recei-ving into it 24 Rivers, & em-pyryng them al at one mouth, with ſuch a horrid noiſe, that tis named The Devils-head.

d A hill in the City of Prague, built with many Noble mens houſes.

e *Altemon* ſol-ent, one of the Harpyes.

f Properly ſuch ſwords as have indented edges.

g *Xiphis*, bla-zing and bearded ſtars.

<sup>a</sup> The skin in which the child at his birth is wrapped.

<sup>b</sup> Cities burnt by the Imperialists.

<sup>c</sup> Alias Magdenburg the City of Maidens.

<sup>d</sup> Places appointed for tryall of Maftries, especially shooting: the word it self signifying *egger*, a But.

<sup>e</sup> The Marquess of Onspach and his Ancestors Tombs rifled by the Imperialists; who had done the like also to the Duke of Saxonies Ancestors, if not diverted by a ranfome of 80000 Dollars.

Even in their tender (<sup>a</sup>) Seconds. (O my soul, Oppose, abhorre his secret.) Look when all A tedious *Barnaby*, the Wolfe has lyen In holts, and hollowes, as the shades begin To lengthen out, to rufflet every light Dis-colour'd object, throughly hunger-bit, He waxes gant and grim; and *Sol*, once gone To the sea-shingle hence for pearl, upon His morrow-grasse to melt, rages, and raves, Barking at *Cynthia*, tearing open graves, And sheep-coats, and with many a horrid prank Frighting the Champion: such, and far more rank His rage has been; and among mountains rude, Of ashes, rubble, shatter'd spars, imbrewd With Rivolets of gore. Loe where the broyl'd And crumpled geniusses, of poor despoyl'd (<sup>b</sup>) *New-Brandenburg*, of miserable *Gartz*, Infer as much. And thou regret of hearts, Dear (<sup>c</sup>) *Parthenopolis*, imbroder'd late With high and bossie work of Temples great, Of aquaducts, of guilds, of bulwarks dread, Burfes, and (<sup>d</sup>) *Doels*, and even as turreted As *Berecynthia*; how art thou become An empty peece in plano, but a roome For moles, and worms to cast in? where alas Thy ruddy virgins now? where all the grosse Of thy courageous youth, and those thy heads, So hatch'd with reverend silver? nay, which breeds Excessive horror, even the sepulchers Of very (<sup>e</sup>) Princes, girt with iron bars, And Palifado's, built of massie, tough, And boysterous marble, yet are pettie proof,

Against

Against his hungry clutches. O let all  
 Such impious pillage, rankle into gall;  
 Be like the gold of *Tholouse*, or the theft  
 Of the \* *Spinternix*. But alas, who left  
 To serve this execution? our elate,  
 Unparallel'd *Adolphus*, knew to meate  
 Him with the bread of tears, to hamper him,  
 Sometime by force, anon by stratagem,  
 In some disert unextricable net:  
 Where like a savage Bull, he full of sweat,  
 Of swarthy foame, of dirt, and ordure base,  
 Lay stomachfully plunging; when alas,  
 Who now I say? —

\* Such a Bird,  
 as snatching  
 meat from the  
 Altar, carries  
 a Coal with it  
 to her Nest.

*Fame in Chorus.*

*Chor.*

But here the generall rout  
 Complies again, and in so vast a shout,  
 With so much horror, rages up to heaven,  
 Like twenty *Babels*, that I must be driven  
 To spar mine ears up, lest their silver drums  
 Be crackt or rudely beaten out: Nor comes  
 Now in my randome save a jangling farse  
 Of mutes, and visibles; save to rehearse  
 The thwart, the crossly-grain'd imagerie,  
 That still Armado-like within mine eye  
 Floats up and down; and with innumerable sorts  
 Of postures, mines, patheticall depors,  
 And ocular relations, up to dresse  
 This empty chasme: yet, as if all excessse  
 Imply'd inconstancy, the lumber here  
 Declines already, seising not mine ear  
 With pristine horror; nay, as climbing up  
 Ascents, and hills, abruptly often chop

Into



Into low vallies, now it sinks to much,  
 That I return me to the further speech  
 Of our *Panaretus* : or wherefore dream  
 I such an ayrie Castle, since for him,  
 Loe where distended, at the rotten root  
 Of an old doring Pollard, breathing out  
 His last he lyes ; nor flexible to speak,  
 Save now and then *Adolphus* ; or in weak,  
 And fumbling well-aways I know not what,  
 Of death and *Sweden*. Therefore here, my plot  
 Must be to change the scene ; I, I, so fails  
 The wind in poynt, that we must vere our sails,  
 And now make ready for another board,  
 Hail the main boling there, I so, port hard ;  
 And sweetest Zephyre, with propitious store  
 Of fragrant breath, spur up our boat so hore,  
 So bright a pace, as *Neptune* also boast  
 His *Galaxia* : for some other coast  
 Bear up I say, and while we snugly run  
 Thus on this second tack, behold how soon  
 The virtuous \* *Calasaster*, fully fraught  
 With wofull threnes, and now already brought  
 Under our lee, pathetically supplies  
 Mine ear again ; I, hark how thrill he cries.

\* The word  
 signifies one  
 that has a  
 shrill voyce.

*Fame in Proxie.*

*Calasaster.* *Calas.* Comes all our hope to this ? and beating then  
 His wofull breast, why loe the man of men,  
 Even he whose goodnesse in his greatnesse sate  
 Like Diamonds in gold ; and where of late,  
 So many mighty can alledge but words ;  
 But *Abram* was our father, or the birds,  
 And empty beasts of Heralds ; far beyond

This



This shell of poor formality, was crown'd  
 With reall noblenesse; he that could do,  
 What others but discourte; and oft, as two  
 Or three left-berries, may be found upon  
 A gather'd Olive's upmost boughs, was one  
 Of our best patterns, even the most admir'd  
 Exemplar left us, is alasse expir'd.  
 O that some chambering *Jezebel* that toyles  
 In search of Philters, Cullices, and Oyles,  
 To polish off the skin, and cock the blood;  
 Between him, and the dart of death had stood:  
 Or some ignoble soothing *Polype*, who  
 Can fit his foot still to the present shoo,  
 How grossely patch'd: or death for him had met  
 Some purple churle, or hideous monster, set  
 Within the scorne's chaire; these are the thorns,  
 The bulls of *Bashan*, that with tyrannous horns,  
 So daily charge us; if decortig these,  
 We would have fung his dart, hung it with Bays,  
 And Garlands; but alas the wicked, still  
 Enlarge their lines; encrease their households, till  
 They be like flocks of sheep; are fully fed  
 With milk and marrow; *Jubal*, and his seed,  
 Ingrosse the Lute, the Harp, they shine as stars  
 Of the first magnitude: O what deferrs  
 Unevitable justice? where alas,  
 In what untrodden rigid wildernesse,  
 What rough \* *Ceraunian* hills, or sea unknown,  
 Is all the thunder spent, there should be none,  
 For such a base, licentious, execrable?  
 But softly swift, how at this wicked rabble  
 Art thou perverted thus? I hollow ho,

K

And

\* Certain hills  
 of *Ejirw*, much  
 torne with  
 thunder.

And wherefore, wretched *Adam*, run'st thou so  
 Stiff-necked a rebellion? dar'st thou cope  
 With Him, to whom the Nations but a drop  
 Are of a Bucket? Shall what grasse but growes  
 Upon the house-top, and with which who mowes  
 Fills not his hand, yet quarrell the decree  
 Of Him that spans the Heav'ns, and shuts the Sea  
 Within his Filt? Shall weak inferiour clay,  
 Prescribe the freedom of the Potter? nay,  
 Of the Creator? Likewise, what if here  
 The wicked often thrive, and houses rear  
 Among their desolate places, till the measure  
 Of sin be crying-full, that they may treasure  
 Wrath for the day of wrath; why yet but mark  
 The sequel, and behold they toyl in dark  
 And slippery waies, thou wilt at length report  
 Their blisse a hearth of thorns, whose shine is short,  
 Whose crackling empty; or but, in compare,  
 Like to some upland Torrent; and thus are  
 The suddain brooks of desert *Arabie*,  
 As soon again exhal'd fainting the dry  
 Approaching *Caravans*. Retract I say;  
 For though perhaps they bravely bustle may,  
 And branch it here a while; yet in the morn  
 Of our refreshing, from among the corn,  
 They shall severely cribadg'd be to dwell  
 Witheverlasting burnings; when the while  
*Gustavus* and our holy zelots swim  
 (O happy souls!) in a celestiaall stream  
 Of *Allelujabss*; are as fill'd with blisse  
 (Immensly happy men!) as cover'd is  
 The Sea with waters shall I say decor'd

With

# Elegie.

II

With palms, & crowns, & throns:  $\delta$  hast thee Lord,  
Come quickly Holy Jesus!  $\delta$  my heart  
How art thou swallow'd up with the transport  
Of heavenly touches!

*Fame in Person.*

I, the Calasaff

Is here extratically to posselt,  
And sweetly silenc'd, that dismissing him,  
Withdrawn a while, I rather now declaim  
The woful (a) *Degen-heart*; for though at (b) *Znaim*,  
Imprison'd rigorously, his grief has yet  
Such a Cathedrall voice, as at the grate  
I hear him cry, —

a The Word  
imports an up-  
right and sin-  
cere person.  
b This was  
Wallenstein's  
Castle in Mo-  
ravia.

*Fame in Proxy.*

How are we now forlorn

*Degen.*

Beyond a Comforter? how must I mourn  
Like a sad Harp, or lowdly-howling Shalm,  
For this interment? he that tore the palm  
From all their glorious Chiefs, our strength, our stay,  
The royall *Sweden's* gone! Be this a day  
Of dread, of breaking down, of crying out  
To hills and mountains, who shall prosecute  
For any temper now? the lincks off shall,  
The bolts off must, will now imprison all  
Our *Equilibrium*. Now let (c) *Berlin* howl,  
And curdle all her faces milk, with foul,  
With brackish water-floods; and also that  
Couragious (d) *Noremberg*, so sung of late,  
And high above the hatches; humbly now  
Must kisse the rod, must supplicately bow;  
Or being over-power'd, live in grones,  
And dye in shackells: then even he that runs

e The *Branden-  
bourg* chiefe  
City.

d Or *Segod-  
num*, a famous  
Mart Town of  
*Germany* wa-  
tered with the  
*Pegnitz*.

K 2

May

*a* The Saxons  
chief City.

*b* Croations and  
Moravians.

*c* Two passes  
betw. en Pra-

gue and Saxony

*d* The second

pass.

*e* Walslein, so

named of his

Dukall City,

situate be-

tween Bohemia

and Lusatia.

*f* Such Gen-

tle-men of com-

panies, as re-

ceive extor-

inary pay.

*g* The Spanish

do extoll their

Gyds, as we

King Aribar

or Guy of War-

wick.

*h* Such as are

both born and

bred up in the

Wars.

*i* A Holsteiner

Field-Marshal

to VValslein.

May read thy perill (*a*) *Dresden*: therefore call

For curious Engineers, new-build thy wall

Of Bitumen and Mil-stones, lining it

With Terrene Thunderers, both infinite,

And of the royal size; see how he layes

For novell Levies, traversing his waies

Like a swift *Dromedary*, how recreuts

His shatter'd grosse anew, with bloody sutes

Of (*b*) *Quads* and *Crabbats*; now the rende-vous

Is made at (*c*) *Luitmaritz*; now *Gallas* shews

Us all his angry teeth, marching the van,

As far as (*d*) *Aufig*; while that counterpain

Of *Cesar's* fury, that immense, renoun'd,

Prodigious (*e*) *Fridlander*, (begirt around

With *Rodo-monts*, (*f*) *Appointees*, *Reformad's*,

*Cids*, *Epigons*, and other martiall blades

Boasting the Feofments Medalls dooble payes,

And other donatives, wherewith the'yr daies

Are rich enamil'd, while this termagant

*D. Hator* seconds him; and then so rant

Does (*g*) *Hulke* up with the formidable rear,

As prelupposes both a flood of fire,

And blood in such abundance, that dismisse

We likewise now the fair *Herbipolis*,

(or call it *Wortzberg*) so to be deflower'd,

So miserably starv'd and over-power'd

With twitch and weeds, that where shal *Galen* now

Go seek alas for simples! also thou

So jovial *Bacharab*, that hast thy name

From *Bacchus* altars, and a fluent stream

Of pretious wine exported, break, & break

Thy chirping roomers! What sympoisiack

Can now be seas'nable? he comes, he comes,  
 His fier-locks are ready span'd, his drums  
 Beat with an Emphasis; what shall I say  
 To (a) *Creutznaich*, *Frankenthal*, but that their day  
 Of doom is likewise near; & wring your hands  
 Submit, submit your necks, 'tis iron bands,  
 And cuffs you now must wear; the glorious blood  
 Of honourable *Craven* and *Fairfax* shed  
 Among your parapets, now proves in vain;  
 The product of it, the result, the gain,  
 Will soon be sworded out; and for his spight  
 To thee poor *Heidelberg*, thou hast been writ  
 In Capitals, and with a coal, and long  
 In his black book, thou shalt be made a song,  
 A by-word, even a proverb of reproach,  
 A very heape, a hissing, even a wretch  
 Beyond expression, rush his *Cuyrassiers*  
 Will quaffe up (b) *Elbe*, and *Elster*. —

a Two Cities  
in the *Palatinate*.

b Two Rivers  
in *Saxony*.

*Fame in Person.*

Here with tears,  
 While eke our *Degen-heart* is suffocate;  
 Nor his huge Iron-voice articulate,  
 But thickly rivited with many a yell,  
 With many a groan, that hacks and mangles all.  
 He sayes to Non-sense, I must lightly fleck  
 From hence again, declining him, to speak  
 The furious heat of (c) *Iris*; loe her head  
 As tough and masculinely helmeted,  
 As e're *Minerva's*; and like her she hands  
 A threatening spear; nor poorly condescends  
 By *Sweden's* expiration to go lesse,

c The Flower-  
deluce.

K 3

And

a The Halci-  
on.

b The Red-  
breast.

c The bird of  
Paradise, or of  
God, as this  
word signifies  
in the *Moluo-*  
*cott.*

And leave her wing; but roundly does professe  
The side of Justice; *Ganymedes* bird  
Must render an account, for having stirr'd  
The coals so fiercely; must restore a throng  
Of glorious pennage, practically wrung  
From the pacifick (a) *Ambe*, (b) *Silvia* sweet  
The *Dove*, the (c) *Manucodias*, with a flight  
Of others as deplum'd. —

*Iris.*

*Fame in Proxie.*

Doe doe, recall,

Quoth this Virago, (fiercely therewithall  
Grinding her teeth;) I, do but reckon up  
The time of yore, and many a dismall stoup  
Has this unaturable acry made,  
With many a sharking Vulture, many a glead,  
My breast dilacerating; on revenge  
Hang out the bloody sur-coat; help us change  
Our Pike-heads into Stings, with so much store  
Of *Wolfsbane* being smear'd, and *Hellebore*,  
That all our ferred ranks, and squadrons rage  
Like charging *Hydraes*, *Hydra*-like engage:  
Come come, make ready there, advance the shot;  
So so, now charge him home, pour all your hot,  
And hissing lead into his bosome; were  
But *Sweden's* Obit to be reckoned for,  
Why yet the dearest souls, and essences,  
Of manifold Re-publicks, Cities, Princes,  
And mighty Monarchs, in his bosome met  
Concentrically; made it their retreat,  
Their generall subterfuge; Come then, arise  
Thou dread *Adrastris*, draw thy bloud-shot eyes  
Upon this rigorous brood. —

*Fame*

*Fame in Person.*

But here the late

Impetuous fragor does importunate  
 My deaf again ; so like a multitude  
 Of many raging waters, every loud,  
 Each shriller accent drowning ; that my verse  
 Must now the second time become a farse  
 Of mines, of postures, of dilacerate hair,  
 Hands wringing, plaudits, many a passionate pair  
 Of dissentaneous hands, promiscuously  
 Clapping and wringing. Now must the supply  
 Be merely visibles ; convitious mowes,  
 Breasts beaten, gaudy capers ; ———

*Fame in Chorus.*

At out woes,

Loe there a sort of Drablers and (a) Bedees,  
 Cast up their caps, and leap, as if the breees  
 Now gave upon their reer, or else were beating  
 Their quarters up ; and mainly aggravating  
 The hideous bustle, somewhat off from these,  
 Within a plump of old and mighty trees,  
 That like the pillars of a roomthy Church,  
 With corpulent and lofty bodies, arch  
 The green and brushie seeling, here behold  
 A pravity of monstrous, manifold,  
*Crabats* and *Gourtesans*, so likewise set  
 Upon the merry pin, and over-heat  
 With heady draughts, with brimmers over-flow'd,  
 That wildly vapouring into scuffles, bloud,  
 And mutuall slaughter ; they reflect again  
 The drunken *Lapishes*, and *Centaurs*, slain

*Chor.*

a Of Bides, a  
 small Nag up-  
 on which such  
 horse-mens  
 Boyes use to  
 follow their  
 Masters.

At



<sup>a</sup> Bishop of  
VVertsborg,  
and Duke of  
Franconia, dri-  
ven out of his  
Country by  
the King of  
Sweden<sup>e</sup>

<sup>b</sup> A Country  
upon the Ri-  
ver Mayne, di-  
vided into se-  
verall Earl-  
doms, siding  
with *Gustavus*.  
<sup>c</sup> *Bogislavus* then  
Duke of Steirin  
and Pomeran.

<sup>d</sup> John Albert,  
then Duke of  
Machlinbourge.

At *Hippodamia's* wedding. Yonder look  
How passionate (<sup>a</sup>) *Hasfelt* bustles, up to stoke  
Whole forrests into Bone-fire; which as fast  
The (<sup>b</sup>) *Weterames* sad severall Princes haste  
To dash out with their tears. Nor these alone  
Dissolve so much, but see where (<sup>c</sup>) *Pomeran*,  
And eke the (<sup>d</sup>) *Machlinbourger*, and even swarms  
Of Lords, and *Roytelets*, are fighting storms  
For their *Augustus*, such an anagram  
As without torture prophecy'd the name  
*Gustavus* highly glorious; to proceed  
As I have known a draught so fanciey'd,  
Per pale so parted into ridge and rivell  
As with a glorious Angell has a devill  
Commistly blended; let me here display  
Where powder'd captain *Encombommata*  
So ranckly vapors eke, and brandishes  
His *Kilzadog*, that pens and standishes  
O quitt ye well; our Madam-gentles now  
Shall caroll out his worth forsooth, and how  
He rants and rages, if the surly Swed  
With his bent brow to Monsieur *Muri-ced*  
Reduce him not. Here have I found again  
A rabblement of shavelings Tridentine  
(Or we may call it Legion else as well,  
For they are many) here I say with all  
The gods of their *Pantheon* high and low,  
Even all their puppetry, their trinckets, how  
In a triumphant superstitious file  
(As pleyted as a hedge of thorns the while  
And as extended) how they rome about,  
(May we but guesse by posture) shrilling out



id to mighty *Wallstein*, who good man  
 While our *Adolphus* dyed a Laureat, ran  
 Most resolutely Prageward. I have found  
 Likewise a little distant, *At* woun'd  
 In *Laynez* armes, and now they part and run  
 Gesticulating wildly up and down,  
 Like Deer before a tempest, now embrace,  
 And newly hug each other, now they dress  
 Their heads with Lawrell, now their bills of fare  
 Bespeak *Podridaes*, and they Printing are  
 For Pageants, Bonfires, Conduits running wine,  
 Garments of Trophée-work (in brief) design  
 A most insulting joy, my next relation  
 Must be the sad and desolate condition  
 Of *worms*, of *Frankfort* (by the golden bull  
 Intrusted with the splendid monopoll  
 Of making *Cæsars*,) and again of *Spire*,  
 Of *Wittenborgh* so full of zealous fire  
 And Orthodoxall light; and how do these  
 For their *Adolphus* now like bullrushes  
 Calamitously quake and hang the head:  
 How now for Sack-cloath, cineritian bread  
 Even such a penance as both man and beast  
 Full lowly layes, piaculerly post  
 Their eager sanctions; & the bitter fewd  
 The mortall medly that the world is brew'd,  
 Combusted with, in present; there aloft  
 A most stupendious pile whose aerie shaft  
 May play with *Tenaris* for pike and place,  
 Loc *Eggenborgh* in a prospective-glasse  
 (That learned *Kepler* made, and far and near  
 Could throughly roomage all our hemispher)

L

Be-

The Empe-  
 roi's chief  
 counsellor,  
 Duke of *Cyn-*  
*man*.

a One of the  
just pretenders  
to the Duke-  
dome of Saxo-  
ny extorted  
from his An-  
cestors by  
Charles the 5.  
b A kind of  
extraordinary  
Jennet, bred  
upon the Pire-  
nian Moun-  
tains.  
c The horses  
of Achilles,  
d Field-Mar-  
shall under  
the Duke of  
Saxony.  
e Quasi VVacy-  
mond, Tom  
Tall stoth.

Be-jearing *Oxenstern*; then must I tell  
How now for grief the Baltick Sea-nymphes veil  
Their faces with a wash of *Cepiaes* ink;  
And still of other detolat's that drink  
Despaire like water in; to ballance which,  
(And hail thou happy season ushering such  
A temper in) Mine eye has likewise spy'd  
Where in *(a) Campania* *(a) Weymer* does divide  
His conquering Grosse: now being in the van,  
Now in the reer; and on a *(b) Lavedan*,  
(As *Volteger*, as ever *(c) Balus* was,  
As ever *(c) Zanthus*) how from place to place  
He nimble flies, demonstrating right hands  
Sent him from *(d) Arnheim*; which so countermands  
The deafning hurley, with a blaze of hope  
Becalming some, so roughly swallowing up  
Some other in distrust and suddain fear,  
That farwell Mutes and Visions, now mine ear  
Distinguishes again; and of the low  
Dejected residue, condoling so,  
So miser-made at *Swedens* expiration,  
Nor to be comforted, does with the passion  
Of *(e) Pharamond* present us, such an odde  
A Mister wight, so blunt an Antipode  
To ruffling mischief, that behold his face  
All rigge and furrow, and his limbs (alas!)  
So tenter'd out, and torn, with rods, with racks,  
Strapadoes, and the like, my bosome akes,  
And trembles at it: Nay, though *Passer* late  
Has rent him Sparrow-mouth'd with gagging, yet  
He still so lashes out, so renders truth  
In all her nakednesse, that full of ruth,

# Elegie.

Fame in Proxie.

19

Phar.

Is then, quoth he, our mightiest Sweden dead ?  
On vengeance; on ! or if thy feet be Lead,  
Yet hast thou Iron-hands. Ye bloody crew,  
And of incestuous (a) *Hanitons* ; 'tis you,  
'Tis you that did it ; if we may prevent  
Th' assassinating Butchers, (b) *Baptist*, *Quint* :  
Come (c) *Picolomini*, come open tort,  
Come ball and powder, his presumptuous mart  
And carelesse of the (d) *Cuyrassé*, will betray  
Him quickly to your fury. Thus I say,  
Though (e) *Stork* by surname, hast thou ranted up  
To *Stork* in practise : shut the door of hope  
That we were entring at, or to decline  
And waive all second causes, 'tis our sin  
That thus employes thee tyrant-like a while  
As an expedient *Crucible*, to boyle  
And calcinate us ; 'tis our sin that payes  
Such wofull wages, sadly so dismayes  
With tears in trophee-work ; the flocks upon  
Our many precious hills are lately grown  
So course and nauseous, that we must be fed  
With bills of studious fare, must have our kid  
Dress'd in the mother's milk, our eggs with gray  
Luxurious (f) *succinum*. But tell me, say,  
Thou soft Sir (g) *Lecker-beck*, is then the *Mars*  
Incompt and rugged, with his (h) *Taille-fers*,  
By these so mainly timbr'd ? or may these  
A *Peleus* shield from hot *Hypolites*,  
And her obsequious grins ? why then go seek  
For *Sol* in *Tenarus*, or snow where thick

a A great Flye,  
of four wings,  
an Emble of  
over-hot mar-  
riages, such as  
the Austrian  
Princes use.

b Captain of a  
Horse troop. A  
joynt contri-  
butor with

*Quint*, for the  
murder of  
*Gustavus*.

c The King is  
said to be slain  
by a Trooper  
of his Regi-  
ment.

d He was,  
when slain,  
without ten  
five armes and  
only in a plain  
Suite of Spa-  
nish leather.

e The Sir name  
of the Austrian  
Emperor. See  
*Verlegan*.

f We call it  
Amber-greece,  
mistaking the  
latter syllable,  
for *grui* which  
in French and  
Dutch (from  
whence we bor-  
row it) is *Gray*,

g *Liguritor* a Glutton, a Sweet-tooth. h A name, as *Cotgrave* has it, succeeding from  
the strength of the old Earl of *Ango/esme*. L a *Fyrac-*

*a* Two of the  
Clycops.

*b* A French  
dish compoun-  
ded of severall  
ingredie nts  
minced toge-  
ther.

*c* Who watered  
his Garden-  
herbs with  
Wine and  
Hony.

*d* The drought  
after drunken-  
nesse, the after-  
thirst.

*e* That part of  
the palate in  
which the tast  
remains.

*f* The word  
signifies drink-  
ing.

*Pyramon*, (*a*) tawny *Brontes*, forge their hot  
Tempestuous Thunder-bolts : No no, complote  
We temperance rather ; let the cook, declin'd  
To such a *Mors* in *Olla*, who can find  
Unnaturall births, luxurious (*b*) *Haches* out,  
As *Anah* did his Mules ; let him be brought  
At length upon the weights, and voided hence,  
Where (*c*) *Aristoxenus* at such expence  
His Lettice waters, or *Poppea* bright,  
And *Cleopatra*, quaffe their exquisite,  
Their sumptuous *Unions* ; I, we howle and roare,  
At *Swedens* death, but let us sin no more,  
Our sin has slain him ; and indeed is wrought  
To such an awklesse *Belial*, every draught  
Commits a severall health ; we look the wine  
For Caprialls and for Babies ; then decline  
Our Virgin vowes, with let *Lyæus* swell  
As *Jordan* does in harvest ; when if well  
Observing the successe, 'tis full of flaws,  
Of babling, wrath, of wounds without a cause,  
Of Paliardise ; and to bring up the reer  
(*d*) *Eluchus* turning, with a brand of fire  
Invades the (*e*) *Cephaline* ; Full happy thou  
Great *Ab'suerus*, and could we but plough  
Once with thy Heifer ; if our sanctions were  
Like those of *Medes* and *Persians* ; to deterre,  
To sear, to launce, to lop off, this would teach  
Us *Hester* also, where we now but reach  
To sensuall (*f*) *Vashti* ; but our Lawes neglect,  
As *Struthions* do their eggs, or to be suck'd  
By Foxes, Wolves, or trodden day by day,  
Among the feet of twine ; I, let me say,

Thrice

Thrice happy *Sweden*, maugre all the rage  
Of our licentious *Mars*; who kept the sage  
(a) *Nephalia* so precisely, clenching such  
Examples in us. —

*Fame in Person.*

Hitherto the speech  
Of *Pharamond* distinct enough and plain,  
Was now cut off, abruptly drown'd again,  
By loud and squeling *Claudia*; one who late  
Sate as be-muffled by the prison-grate  
As merkeſt midnight, but here taking fire  
By these of *Pharamond*, and even with ire  
Her vail and precious tresses, (or be bold  
To call them braydes, and benedelets of gold,)  
Purpassionately rending, she replies,

*Fame in Proxie.*

*Claudia.*

'Tis true indeed, he was of all our eyes  
The comfort, the *Collyrium*, even the breath  
Of all our nostrills; so the sons of *Heth*  
Oppugning, as might even applause inferre  
Super-superlative: but then, O where  
The requisite return, and what the fruit  
Of all his Travell? all his resolute  
Assaults, and (b) *Algarads*? the magnifier  
Of ancient *Babel*, had for conquering *Tyre*,  
An *Egypt* given him; thou my dearest drad,  
Not a (c) *Clavarium*, how exagited  
For truth and justice; with the daily tort  
Of *Sang-reall*, *Arbutus*, *Mal-effort*,  
How courſly handled; Nay, which urges more,  
When being Trump, why yet cut-off before

bSodain incur-  
sions derived  
from *Algeires*  
in *Africa*  
whence the  
like was often  
made through  
the streight of  
*Gibraltar* into  
*Spain*  
cA donative of  
studded bus-  
kins given to  
souldiers.

a River of  
Scythia, contra-  
minated by the  
influx of a bit-  
ter rillet.

The game were consummate; impell'd away  
From such a door of hope, to be the prey  
Of death and darknesse; so deserted is  
The splendid, the mellifluous (a) *Hypanis*,  
To Vultures inquisitions; tufted all  
With Negromantick herbs; and by the gaul,  
The perbreak of *Exampus*, putrified  
From all his noblesse; thus I say decry'd,  
And like a thred of silver, rippl'd our,  
Among the puzzels, the portents about  
Inclement *Caucasus*. O, flow my tears,  
Deep calls to deep, and the most candid ears,  
Are deaf with water-spouts; I, such as at  
The last grand Session, shall with heads clate,  
Judge Men, and Angels; jeer'd as refuse are  
Outed these terrene Chattels, to the barre  
Of tyranny convented oft, and slain  
All the day long; alas the while, in vain (wash  
They cleanse their hands, their hearts they bootless  
With innocence. —

*Pharam.*

*Fame in Proxie.*

But how is it thou rash

Distemper'd woman, here quoth *Pharamond*,  
(Raising his voice again, how lately drown'd,  
Above her clattering sharps;) thou wretch as lame,  
In thy deport, thy patience, as thy name;  
O how is it, I say, thou doest so roar,  
So wildly kick like a gainsaying Core  
Against the pricks? up, up thou *Libbard*, up,  
Reform thy freckled hide; if Fullers soap,  
(Some call it eke *Cymolian* earth,) if this  
Wash not effectually, take *Herb of grace*,

In

In penitentiall tears infusing it,  
 And 'tis enough absterfive; makes as white  
 As garden Lillies: Why the righteous here,  
 Must weather many a bitter storm, and bear  
 The parching heat, the burthen of the day;  
 Like *Balsome* trees, and *Larches*-like display (brave  
 Their worth among their wounds; Look as the  
 East-Indie-man, transpierces many a wave  
 That Bandog-like assailes him; nor declines  
 His great intendment, for the torrid line's  
 Malevolence, or doubling such extent  
 Of many a fore-land, many a Prominent,  
 And tedious Cape; till up at length he beare  
 With *Taprobane*, or *Java*, taking there  
 His precious lading in; such must they be  
 Here under sayl: And in this worldly sea  
 If *Syrens* tempt thee, these with upward fair,  
 Are downward fish, an interdicted pair,  
 A wicked miscellane; If perhaps withstood  
 By tyrannous Whales, who tumble up the flood,  
 And boyle it like a Cauldron; or else runs  
 Thy course, through (a) *Calentar's*, (b) *Euroclydons*,  
 Or barking *Scylla's*, yet if knowledge steer,  
 Zeal whistle in thy canvass, thou shalt bear  
 Up snugly, maugre all; invictly stem  
 The strongest setting tides, and leaving them  
 With the so tedious Cape of hope, behind  
 At length to lee-ward: for a terrene *Ind*,  
 A place of fading merchandise, befraight  
 With matchlesse blisse, with an exceeding waight  
 Of endlesse glory: which our royall *Suede*  
 Exemplifies, who by the triple head

a Burning fea-  
 vers, of *Calco*.

b The st rmy  
 North-east  
 wind, *AB* 27.

24.

Of



Of *Geryon*, with his infinitely more,  
 And as outrageous hands as heretofore,  
 To steeple-high *Briareus* voted was  
 Though ruffel'd often, many a bloody base  
 Though virulently bid; yet with a might  
 Almost to miracle, could over-fight  
 And worst their insolence: till in a cloud  
 Of glorious victories and trophies strow'd  
 Along the world, at last he mounted up  
 To that divine. —

*Fame in Chorus.*

But here the catadup  
 Of noise again to passes all belief,  
 That loe *Cleoritus* to blaze his grief,  
*Fungus* his joy, loe how they swell and stare,  
 And with their straining shoot as red, as are  
 The cheeks of *Bacchanals*: Nay further eke  
 See *Bulbus-head* the Boar, how Heyfer-like  
 He wildly gambols, often howting out  
 His brutish jollity the while no doubt,  
 In that same savage note, by woodmen us'd  
 Among their Deer, but all in a confus'd  
 Obstreperous medley swallowed; Yonder then,  
 (For I must flent off this same ch'ame again,  
 With mutes, and visions) see where (a) *Cremsmunster*,  
 And *Trautmansdorfe*, (in nature rigid,  
 More Giant than in name:) see how they buz  
 And croak in *Cesar's* ear, proscribing thus,  
 Innumeros innocents: And still so thwart,  
 So crossely run the Dice, I must impart  
 Upon another coast, the Turtle true,

a Two Syco-  
 phants in chief  
 favour with  
 the Emperor  
*Ferdinand.*

Fair



Fair *Basiliffa*, weltering in a dew  
 Of briny-tears; even all her beauteous face,  
 Besprent with water-gauls; and now alas,  
 (Which irks me deeply) lo! she groans and grieves  
 Her self into a swoond; Now redi-vives;  
 In ghastly manner, newly sinks away,  
 Is fetch'd again; wo worth the dismall day  
 That I must leave her thus! for now that old  
*Sexagenary* (lately so befool'd,  
 To batter down his blood,) with many a band  
 Chops in between us; now they make a stand,  
 And (a) *Farenbach*, with other leaders joyned  
 In *Pyrhick* dances, with the *Mattachine*  
 In armour jove it; now that fly of Court,  
 Prodigious (b) *Offa*, tickling at the sport,  
 In a deepeglet of Corinthian Brasse,  
 Healths it to *Cesar*:——

a At first an  
 Enginier un-  
 der *Walstein*, af-  
 ter by degrees  
 a Collonell.  
 b First a fol-  
 lower of the  
 Count of *Ha-*  
*nau*, after im-  
 ployed to levy  
*Casars* consi-  
 cations.

But to touch and passe,  
 To certifie by sips and transiently,  
 Being my sole designe; here passing by  
 These lusty *Lamechs*, and their gaudy scene;  
 See yonder also near the mantling *Rhene*,  
 How while *Zelotes* goes about to stave  
 The *Heydeburgers* tun, as but a wave  
 In our late shipwrack; see how *Zuffenbeck*  
 The trouper, charges him with many a steck,  
 While *Grußendorff* his *Swager*, int'rinely  
 Lyes sucking at the spigget;——

Next mine eye  
 (No longer trading with so coarse a pair;)  
 Among innumerable others far and nere  
 Pressing for notice, singled has the bright

M

Illu-

Illustrious *Clari-dame*; and while a cyte  
 Of abler pens, will yet supinely sleep,  
 Fly silly muse, canst thou not fly? then creep  
 To do her service; this the royall Queene,  
 Not broking up a momentary shine,  
 From Jewellers, and Druggists, which at night  
 Must be put off again; her red and white,  
 Her Jewells are so highly (a) *Paragon*  
 And immarcesible, that they renown  
 Her doubly radiant, as without within;  
 And like the vest on both sides full of fine  
 Discolor'd needle-work, to quondam vored  
 To *J bins Siffara*, yet to be noted  
 As a prodigious cmen, while our loud  
 Looße gadding *Mad'noysells* are struck and strew'd  
 With morning Pinks and Roses, loe her dresse  
 Is sprigs of Yew; her pendants are (alas)  
 But wofull willough *Catlines*; while the nice  
 Maddam (b) *le-ne-say-quy* so treated is  
 With anxious care and coit, this royall dame,  
 This Queen of hearts, is sadden from the name  
 Of *Naumi* to *Mara*; with the great  
 The golden Bull, growes old and obsolete;  
 And while by (c) *Munchum* lately tug'd and sol'd,  
 The *Wiens* sword (as bloody-sharp as bold)  
 Has tyrannously cut off both his horns;  
 No hope, no help, the wicked world forlorne  
 Our noblest pieces, even so transitory  
 Is worldly splendour, that full sadly sorrie  
 See how she folds her arms; now looks to heaven,  
 As crying Lord alas; how was he given  
 A prey into their teeth? now with a hand

a Most abso-  
 lute and com-  
 pleat for ex-  
 cellency.

b She would  
 have this, and  
 she wou d have  
 that: And  
 would have  
 she knows  
 not what.

c By this Law  
 but four Em-  
 perors of the  
 same house  
 might lineally  
 succeed each  
 other, yet has  
 there now bin  
 six or seven of  
*Austria* with-  
 out any inter-  
 ruption.

Exactly

Exactly chambleted, and porcelain'd  
 With white and blew she does her pen employ,  
 To rouse her draded brother *Angli-roy*,  
 With the *Mal-heur*; yet now again forbears,  
 Because the paper suggish is with tears,  
 And swallows all impression; now she goes  
 To yonder Temple with religious vows  
 That she may deprecate our further harm,  
 And clole behind her, many a wofull swarm  
 Of \* *Evangelicals*; Now makes a stand,  
 From severall draughts, presented here to hand,  
 Choosing his \* *Cenotaphium*, —  
*Fame in Person.*

\* One of the conclusions of *Lippich* was, that both *Calvinists* and *Lutherans* (to take away those distinctions, kindling so much hatred) should joyntly be thus named.

A monument erected to the honour of the dead.

I should still

Enlarge me thus, and royalize my quill  
 With more of her; but as Celestiall news  
 Here interposes, may perhaps excuse  
 My self a while; for yonder massie clowd,  
 Giving such fire, so (doubtlesse) full of lowd,  
 And bellowing Meteors; lo! how from between  
 The dark some pleyts thereof, a *Cherubin*  
 Now gently stoops with healing on his wings,  
 To poor *Panaretus*, by severall pangs,  
 And rigid Passions, hewn so lately down  
 Into the daze of death. The hideous swoon,  
 Now in a clammy deal of mist and gum,  
 Was setting both his eyes, an icie cream,  
 Remissely floating over all his face,  
 Implacably protended; froze the pace  
 His pulse so long had run, and every wheel  
 Within him now began to fur, and feel  
 An earthly dulnesses when behold (I say)

M 2

The

## The Eagle-trussers

The starry *Leech* has with a fragrant *May*,  
 This sad *December* outed; new has wound  
 His pulse and all his Organs up, as sound;  
 As strong, as high, as ever; So the snake,  
 His slough, his Heckle moults, his antient beak,  
 The royall Eagle. After whose recover,  
 Lo! how the glorious Post does backward hover,  
 In boughts, and wind-laces; and with a point  
 Now made again, into the sable tent,  
 From whence his stooping, has so deeply dash't  
 All our conclamitants; that all abash't,  
 See how they trembling stand, and full of fire,  
 Shot (as it seems) from many a sulphurous tire  
 Of the Celestiall Cannon; Which in fine  
 Or being likewise cloy'd, or turn'd again  
 To their first principles; about mine ear,  
 Insist (I say) our *Redivivus* here,  
 One from the dead, will somewhat interpose  
 More taking and impulsive; on with those  
 Thy scatter'd Elegiacks, do, proceed,  
 No Dog now moves his tongue, the broken reed  
*Panaretus* in such a levell glade,  
 So whilst an empty silence, may perswade  
 Even the most luctuall rights and rarities  
 To *Swedens* herse. And hark how still he cries,  
 How passionately here! —

*Fame in Proxie.*

*Panar.*

Alas for him,  
 Who like a brave *Alcides* could esteem  
 It all his blisse, to roam about the world,  
 Confounding Monsters, buffeting the curld

Pre-

Presumptuous browes of Tyrants; Why but search  
 His generall conduct, his victorious march;  
 And when at (a) *Vsedoome, Rugen* (two of those  
 Prodigious quarrels, that *Aegeon* chose  
 Of yore to shoot at Heaven,) when there he drew  
 His active heat, (b) *Torquato Conti* flew  
 (Induring not the test) to sudden aire;  
 Nay, daring *Papenheym, Hulke, Altringer*  
 (So great a Master both of Pike and Pens)  
 Nay tyrannous *Tscherclaes, Gallas, wallenstein*  
 That great *Dictator*, shining all how bright,  
 Yet as inferiour planets, lost their light  
 At *Swedens Heliack* rising. All their wayes  
 Were deep and furious, as the *North west Seas*,  
 And full of grisly shapes; of *Morses, Whales*,  
 Grim Unicorns with Adamantine scales;  
 And horrid *Gram pusses*: yet our August  
*Adolphus*, knew to baffle their robust  
 Insidious heat, their knittest practises  
 To ravell out; Or wherefore name I these?  
 Since from our present ages height, survey  
 But that behind thee; search but far away,  
 Where all the hills, and steeple-Tops are clad  
 With blewish Land-schap; but where *Elis* stood,  
 (Even at the furthest t'other end of time,)  
 Or *Troy*, or *Sparta*; and behold their prime  
 High-writ Herôes, came no neerer to  
 His celsitude, then rough-hewen models do  
 Their Archetyp's; then does the Belgick card  
 A Lyon fierce, or *Italy* compar'd  
 With a neat timber'd leg. And this the brave  
 Victorious *Eagle-cruffer*, from whose grave

a Two Islands  
 in the *Baltick*  
 Sea, near to  
*Stralsundt*  
 b Generall of  
 the Imperiall  
 forces in *Po-*  
*merian* at the  
 King of *Swede-*  
*dens* arrivall.

# The Eagle-trussers

Such wofull furrowes, peremptory leas  
 Of sorrow even beyond emergencies  
 Reflected are, that now the bread of tears  
 Must be our daily food; our sauce the jeers  
 And taunts of them without. Alas, alas,  
 What gloomy tropes, what miserable dresse  
 Of severall figures, may declaim our low  
 Precipitate condition / now, & now  
 Did Iqualid *Pisces* and *Aquarius* raigin,  
 And all the racks conjoynly drive amayn  
 From *South-South-east*, by grossely complicating  
 Snow, rain, and other wicked weather, beating  
 Each creature into covert; passion-filling  
 Even our insensibles, our timber chilling  
 With a cold sweat, bepuzling bolts and locks; &  
 Nay poorie making, melting very rocks  
 Of toughest marble, yet were this too scant,  
 And but a mite to tender, where a mint  
 Paid not the debt; Alas, alas my head,  
 My heart, my heart, behold the sovereign *Swede*,  
 The covering \* *HELD*, the Lion of the *North*,  
 That quintessence of Kings, is batter'd forth  
 His wondrous conduct. Let the Trumpet rend  
 It self with ghastly groans; the Drum descend,  
 And languish from his mettl'd ruffe, and roul  
 To a dead march; ———

<sup>a</sup> See the Epist.  
 Dedicatory.

*Fame in Person.*

I, quoth the heavenly soul,  
 The dear (b) *Amalasweniba* by him set,  
 Nor longer keeping silence, ———

<sup>b</sup> *Puella Cal-  
 sis.*

*Fame*

Fame in Proxie.

Amal.

Let, & let,  
 Our vollies so condensly heap'd and thrust  
 With muskyrades, with many a boystrous breast  
 Of Culverin and Canon, at the streffe  
 That hills and regions tremble, sadly presse  
 How very dear we held him, even to choak  
 The Skie with pillars, curls and clouds of smoak,  
 That like a deafning thunder may with ast  
 Boations, cracks, and light'nings on the last  
 Stretch our obsequious Fare-well, to the slain,  
 Unparallel'd, invincible,——

Fame in Person,

And then

Quoth our *Panaretus*, as passionately  
 Here piecing with er.——

Fame in Proxie.

Panar.

I, and then quoth he,  
 Yee (a) *Phryeburgen*-ecchoes, neer distraught  
 With the prodigious noise ; to tenter out  
 Your clamor. u. voices, bounding it in grosse  
 Up to the *Gr.ian Alpes*, that also those  
 Your sisters there, may with their mighty throats,  
 Transport it over to the hollow groats,  
 And broves of (b) *Hemus* ; and to taking Post  
 By shady (c) *Pelion*, to the forked crest  
 Of paramount *Olympus* ; being still  
 Thus dictate, I say, from hill to hill ;  
 Our thickning vollies, at the length may seize  
 Extended *Taurus*, that Metropolis  
 Of resonancies ; and in savage dens,  
 Deep foggy Cisterns, hollow woods, and glins ;

Among

a Of this hill  
 see fol. the  
 fifth.

b A hill in  
 Thracia, six  
 miles high.  
 c A hill in  
 Thessaly.



a Thought  
to be Malacca  
in the East-  
Indies.  
Amal.

Among the rudely pack'd together rocks  
And pendulously torn where other flocks  
Of ecchoes so consolidately swell  
The hideous *Horricane*, that rushing while  
Still on through many an uncouth wilderness  
To *Pegu*, *Siam*, and the (a) *Chersoneffe*  
Where *Jedediah* fetch'd his golden oare  
Fame in *Proxie*.

Panar.

And thence again by the Maritime shore  
As far as Persian *Ormus*, then to *Cayre*  
Quaking the *Pyramids*, and millions there  
Of busie truckers,

Fame in *Proxie*.

The *Orcades*  
so named of  
this sea-Mon-  
ster, and this  
againc from  
the Latin *Or-  
cus*,

Storming thus I say,  
From place to place, in such a thundering key.  
And over an unweldy vast extent  
Of sea and shore, a tedious continent:  
Till at the length, it ar&ick-high arrives,  
Among the Horrid Orks appellatives,  
And frozen *Thule*, strike and startle may  
All terrene tribes and kindreds, if I say  
All creatur's into much affright and passion,  
Tis such a *Pleonasmick* compellation,  
As more pathetickly will hint our great,  
Our Gospell prejudice, —

Amal.

Even a defeat  
Replies *Amalaswenh*' portently checking  
And mating millions; at the quondam breaking  
Of some stupenduous tank or beetle-brow  
From that high *Taurus*, recollect but how  
While cancellering, grazing here and there  
Destructively, with a ll the neighbour ayre

Torn



Even a defeat

Replies *Amalaswenh*' portently checking  
And mating millions; at the quondam breaking  
Of some stupenduous tank or beetle-brow  
From that high *Taurus*, recollect but how  
While cancelling, grazing here and there  
Destructively, with all the neighbour ayre  
Torn into fragor, by the salt the source;  
How (b) *Bahamon* and poore *Aladulus*  
Shrunk under it, as boading in event  
The Persian (c) *Shamshere*, or the macilent  
*Grand Senior's* horse; So what alasse ensues  
From this portent, but even a world of woos,  
But *matta, matta*, the perfidious *Suede*  
Being (d) depriv'd us, what else but the glead  
Imp'd with again his subditiuous pens  
Should Eagle-rant it; & the sad design's  
That now are hatching! come come, let us flye  
My dear *Panaretus*; me-thinks I see  
The Reliques of our butcher'd Saints; as thrown  
And exprobrately scamb'l'd up and down,  
As chips at cutting wood.——

b Two Mountain Kings, at  
length Tyranniz'd by the  
Turkana Persian  
Sword  
d The Spanish  
word of  
slaughter,  
in French,  
the *meur*, in  
English, kill  
kill.

*Fame in Person.*

With fell affright,

The Roses in her face, now Lilly white  
Began to languish, and she startled up  
Distractedly; her anker-hold, her hope  
Now drove amain; when lo *Panaretus*  
In sweet and precious compellations, thus  
Rejoynes with her anew.——

*Fame in Proxie.*

*Panar.*

But tell me then,  
Shall such a man as I, turn back agen  
N Leaving

Leaving the Plough? shall we that reckon'd are  
 For beams and pillars, of the Militar,  
 And Orthodoxall Church, ignobly swerve,  
 Moulder, and leave it thus? why, but observe,  
 And he that sows in rivolets of tears,  
 Shall after reap in joy; who weeping bears  
 His precious seed, and thus in season out,  
 Shall doubtlesse come again, and with the shout  
 Of those in harvest, bring with him his sheaves;  
 Retract, retract I say, & how it grieves  
 Me for thy fear, thy fall! collect thy self,  
 And let us bravely sink both fyrt and shelf,  
 Impatience pre-supposing; steeple-deep  
 In the spring-tide of zeal.—

*Came in Person.*

Here gan she weep,  
 And chatter like a Crane, hiding her head  
 In a black Cypresse Wimple; while the sad  
*Panaretus*, pitching his eyes a'spar  
 Upon the ground, does int'ringly prefer  
 A Scene of silence; giving so much line  
 To recollection, and the discipline  
 Of sundry second thoughts; that as the fruit,  
 The sequell of this intermitted mute  
 Parenthesis; from her dejected stoup,  
 See now at retrieve, how she beighthens up,  
 Gathers and growes again, as when at Sea  
 A sail is made to windward distantly,  
 As at the furthest ken, it equalls but  
 Some petty fly at first, or little moat;  
 Then like *Elijahs* cloud becomes a hand,  
 And spooning on along before the wind,  
 Encreases still, till proving at the length

When

When board and board of mighty bulk & strength  
 And being double-sheath'd; so by degrees  
 Now has she gotten wing again, now flies;  
 The former glorious height; her beamy brow  
 Late in a Cypresse Lanthorn muffled, now  
 Shines as of yore; and every principle  
 Of holinesse, e're-while within her soul,  
 Remissely drooping; rowles now again,  
 And like a Gyant when refresh't with wine,  
 So strongly races, raignes in her so cleere;  
 That even becomes as brave and bold, as e're  
 The wife (a) of *Lapidoth*, her fiery zeal  
 Thus vents it self. —

a Or Deborah  
 Icc Jud. 4 4.

*Fame in Proxie.*

O how do we reveal

*Amal.*

Our sexe's many weaknesse, and wounds;  
 Yet so the good *Samaritan* infunds  
 His soveraign Wine and Oyl; that now, go to,  
 Brings forth the rods, the beasts, the wheels, I, do;  
 Now fear, and cut, and kill; let me be made  
 A lighted torch, a \* *Sarmentarian* sad,  
 At *Rome's* night-revells; do, do, string your whips  
 With Scorpions, Asps, or somewhat that out-strips  
 Their venome far; I, bring the fury-full  
*Busirian* horses, the *Perillan* Bull,  
 Or exquisiter torments; yet my trust,  
 My treasure there is laid, where neither rust,  
 Nor moth, nor theef, nor tyrant,

\* One bound  
 up in Seare-  
 cloth, like the  
 staffe of a  
 torch, and in  
 other such ma-  
 terials, stified  
 with wax, and  
 fired at the  
 bottom with  
 brush and dry  
 twigs; in *Lao-  
 tin, Sarmenta.*

*Pan ar.*

Glorious dame,

Quoth then *Panaretus* the heavenly flame  
 That on thee so much fortitude confers,  
 Establish it relentlesse, as the bars  
 Of an Imperiall Palace, never time

N 2

Infer-

Inferring higher tryall, of so grim,  
 Precipitate condition; And awake  
 Thou right hand of the Lord, up up, and take  
 Thy former strength again; why dost not thou  
 Turn *Moab* to thy wash-pot? cast thy shoe  
 Out over *Edom*? Fast their Princes make  
 In lincks of Iron; and their Nobles break  
 Like Potters vessels. O get up, I say,  
 And bare thine Arm again, as in the day  
 Of *Zeb* and *Oreb*, or of those that had  
 Their punishment at *Endor*, and were made  
 Like dung upon the earth; Was it not thou?  
 Of Yore by whom the *Hussits*, even a few  
 Derided silly (a) Geese, (though in their head  
 But a blind *Ziska*) baffled to the spread  
 Presumptuous Eagle, and her severall young,  
 How sharp their pounces? and againe among  
 Our other sung *Magnalia*, was it not  
 Thy glorious spiriting our pike and shot,  
 That when the Spanish *\*Charls* was whilome grown  
 So high and supercilious, melted down  
 His pertinacy, worsting him to fly  
 By rainy torch-light precipitiously  
 Among the Trentine mountains? Take, O take  
 Thy former strength again, awake, awake,  
 And busk thy self to battail; thou alone,  
 Maugre his furious brand, hast lately slain  
 The gyant (b) *Tscherclaes*, and 'twas thou that didst  
 That *Rhodomont* the (c) *Fridlander*, amidst  
 His iron men defeat: O shew thy power,  
 Thou art our fort, our moat, our counter-mure,  
 Our totall confidence; —

a *Husse* in the  
*Bohemian*, sig-  
 nifies a *Goose*.

\* The *Fifib*,  
 then Empe-  
 ror.

b Count of  
*Tytle Lieut*,  
 Generall to  
 the Duke of  
*Bavaria*.

c The Ducall  
 title of *Wal-*  
*stein*.

Fame in Proxie.

Amal.

I, I, 'tis he  
Can baffle even the highest working Sea,  
Make it submisſe and levell; he with whom  
All things are poſſible, even Camels come  
To goe through needles eyes.

Fame in Proxie.

Tis he that Bleſt

The youth of our *Adolphus*, and ſo dreſs'd  
It up with *Trophies*, when the *Polander*  
And mighty *Ruſſian* (*c*) *Knez*, againſt him were  
In (*d*) *Syncretiſme*, and did ſo ſtrangely (*e*) ſtarve  
That *Oſtelbourg* upon the rapid *Narve*,  
Their brideling *Oſtebourg*, ſo chanted up  
Invincible above both ſhot and ſapp  
And want of Vivers; I, 'tis he by whom  
Our wonderfull *Adolphus* lately ſwom  
Such a triumphant ſwelling tyde as theſe.  
And then again the great archievances  
Of *Gripſwald*, and preſumptuous (*f*) *Frankfort*, where  
The hand of Heaven did with a panick fear  
So diſcompoſe and melt the temper down  
Of even eight thouſand *Veterans* to run,  
Quitting their poſts; nor ſhould I here make (*g*) *Alt*  
But likewise hint-in that of *Rugenwalt*,  
So to the *Swede*-miraculoſly handed,  
And that of *Lansburg* knottily defended,  
Though with morafs, with feſſes, breſts of thunder,  
And mann'd redundantly, yet humbled under  
His royall ſword:

Fame in Proxie.

Amal.

And as the Lord can thrive.  
Sparks into Bonfires, this by the (*h*) contrive  
Of a poor Blackſmith.

Panar.

Or Duke.  
d A complica-  
tion of two  
Enemies a-  
gainſt a third.  
e They were  
difeaſed with  
ſo generall a  
ſwelling in  
their throats,  
that they  
could not  
ſwallow, and  
were there-  
fore compell-  
ed to ſurrender.  
f *Monro's* ex-  
peditions, part  
the ſecond,  
fol 33.  
g The Martial  
word for haul-  
ing and repo-  
ſing a while  
upon a March.

h *Vid. Monro.*  
fol. 39.

Fame

Panar.

Fame in Proxie.

I might here declame

Of *Stetin* likewise, *Gripenbagen*, *Dam*,  
 And *Colberg*, with a series of such other  
 Magnifick stories, and at length discover,  
 How the great God of *Battels* did engage  
 At *Lyppigh* for him, *Lyppigh* such a stage  
 Of wrath and ruine, *Lyppigh* such a dire  
 Contorted Chaos of outrageous fire,  
 And smoke and dust, and where the horrid hail  
 Of many a Cannons ramm'd with musket bale  
 So through the ferred ranks and bodies drill'd,  
 As soon in surface sanguin'd all the field,  
 Made it a Shambles, even a nauseous heap  
 Of limbs discerpted; where, though Saxon cheap  
 Enough was worsted, yet the day in croope  
 In (a) *Achter-tocht*, immergently brought up  
 An (b) *Osculanian* triumph.

a In Dutch, the  
 rere.

b A successe  
 wrought out  
 against the  
 hayre.

Amal.

Fame in Proxie.

Lyppigh where

The Meteor *Tscherclaes* from his lofty Sphear  
 Was shoulder'd headlong; there to nick his boast  
 Of beating Kings, precipitately cast  
 At royall *Swedens* feet, and paid in part  
 The wofull wages of his undesert  
 At *Magdenburgh*; the rest being referr'd  
 To be discharg'd in totall, afterward  
 At the (c) *Bavarian* Leech.

c Where he  
 was slain with  
 a Canonade.

Panar.

Fame in Proxie.

I, I, 'Twas this

Celestiall wonder-working *Strategus*  
 So furiously that far out *Jehued* here

The

The son of *Nimby*, driving in career  
 Even over multitudes of iron-men,  
 (And still to passe in point, for still my pen  
 Must further glasse his sword, and epick out  
 (d) His *Chaff-messes*,) 'twas he that having fought  
 This *Colophonian* field, soon after shook  
 The stubborn (e) *Duren Wall*, in sequell strook  
 It humbly perobsequious; he whose arme,  
 Whose glorious conduct with the former swarm  
 Of vap'ring copses, a convitious deal  
 Of brush and underwood, that fell'd the tall  
 Big-bodied Oaks and Elms, which far and wide  
 Had palliado'd else and fortifi'd  
 Upon the passes, whereas now our *Swede*  
 Was further timber'd still and turrited  
 So many radiant stories high, as those  
 Likewise of *Hall*, of superstitious  
 Extensive *Erfort*, *Koninkhoven* strong  
 Of *Millers'ort*, of *Swins'ort*, with a throng  
 Of other such; and still a story higher  
 Of *Worshourgh*, where the Castle-heads attire,  
*Medusa*-like was *Drakes*, was (a) *Calverins*.  
 And (b) *Basilisks*, (that so pretend to crowns  
 For extramission;) O the horrid rage  
 Of an insulting *Mars*, how red the stage,  
 Where fierce *Enyo* buskin'd is as here,  
 With many a (c) *Bastion*, (d) *Casse-mat*, (e) *Cavalier*,

Slaughter-house, *ab efflu*, where souldiers are covered, firing at loop-holes,  
*Minceus* will have it, *Quasi casa d matir*, *tiguriolum ad mandandum*.

(e) A mount within the walls, which seems derived from *Chevalier Francois*, and  
 is that ridge of earth that a stradling labourer heaps between his legs with his mat-  
 rock, teeming, with the height of it, to be on horseback. The Latines use *Porca* for  
 the like ridge between furrowes, calling it the *Sowes back*.

d *Charabins*  
 charging with  
 steel buslers, in  
 use amongst  
 the Protestants  
 in the civil  
 wars of France.  
 e Otherwile  
*Bacenis*, or *Ni-*  
*grasylua*.

a Denominat  
 perhaps from  
*Couleuvrin*  
*Francois*, sig-  
 nifying *Ad-*  
*derlike*.

b Though of  
 a lesser bore,  
 commanding  
 further then  
 the Cannon, &  
 so named as  
 King of Guns;  
 and equally as  
 mortall as that  
 Serpent.

c Or Bulwark.  
 d *Casse mate* in  
 Spanish, a



And other such, that as a smaller print,  
 Promiscuous! has often rubrick in't,  
 And swelling Capitalls; that so by fits  
 Ascended more the chafing *Parapets*.  
 O how alas was all the Castle hill,  
 Now generally *Vesuvian*, all so full  
 Of thundring *Flammifera*, as if some mad  
 And multiplicitie *ignis fatuus* had  
 Bin trepidating there from pan to pan.  
 How did the horrid negro night unspan  
 Her sanguinary Bandogs? Yet, I say,  
 The mighty Lord of hosts that has his way  
 In storms and whirlwinds, that even threshes Bulls  
 Of *Basan* so to motes, and oft to nulls.  
 That God of Battles fought this sturdy piece  
 To such submission, that the golden Fleece,  
 The massie treasure long enchanted here  
 By wealthy *Plutus*, now was beat to bear  
 Our *Sweden* faith and homage.

*Fame in Person.*

But my senses  
 Are suddainly with new occurrences  
 Again invaded, and so marvellous  
 The turn of things? that here *Panaretus*,  
 And the Celestiall Virgin, both are strook  
 Abruptly silent at the staring look  
 And grieve of *Apathes*, a piece of late  
 So clungly grain'd, no wedge could penetrate  
 No wicked labour; but so pory made,  
 And weeping ripe all over at the sad  
 Late Tragedy, (for still in these extreame)  
 That far beside, beyond the dismall themes

Declam'd



Declam'd already, see where all surrounded  
With thick and hawse weather, how his wounded  
And per-impassion'd spirit racks and rends  
Him with Convulsion fits; nay which portends  
Implacably.

*Fame in Chorus.*

Alas the *Chorus* here

The deaf'ning *Chorus* does again so rear  
It selfe in monstrous Pillars interwoon'd;  
A thousand Drums (*a*) *pirading*, might be drown'd.  
And swallow'd in't; I, such the noise, so tell,  
As tozes all the *welkin*, makes it boyle,  
Like ointment in a pot: What shall I say,  
Alas my wings so palpably decay,  
So fiercely ruffled are, and ravell'd out  
In the combustion, that I much mis-doubt  
Some crosse *Catastrophe*, and by fine force  
If beaten from my pitch, shall but dis pierce  
For a redundant *Elephantine* book  
These petty fragments; O the furious shock!  
The horrible disgust, no more no more,  
My perspectives, my wings are now so sore  
Distracted tugg'd and wearied; all my dresse  
So puzzell'd is, and shatter'd with the stresse  
Of many furious *Typhons*; that unfit  
To weather out the work, I here submit,  
Descending back to prompt the bustling brothers  
*Nat' Butter*, *Gallo-Belgicus*, and others.

*a* A setting  
the watch, an  
uniting many  
companies in-  
to an entire  
grosse.

The two chief  
n. w. ing of-  
fers then ex-  
tant.

O

P A R E R.



## P A R E R G O N.

a Or the Se-  
cundine, where-  
in the child is  
wrapt, while in  
the womb.

b A kind of  
Sepulchrall  
stone, in short  
time consu-  
ming the body  
inclosed.

c This differs  
from a square  
by having the  
angels of it in-  
direct: when  
the side angels  
are less exten-  
ded then the  
rest & and if  
shorter, 'tis a  
fusil, or spin-  
dle.

AND now my little Book, my little Birth,  
I know not how thou cam'st into my womb;

Some other agent surely brought thee forth

Between the knees; or else thy (a) *Shilo* some

(b) *Sarcophagus* had turn'd, and to thy tomb.

If ought within thee be reputed worth

The name of square; yet I am but a (c) Rhomb,

But a poor fusil; and must waive the Bayes:

Giving to Heaven, to God alone the Praise.

G. T.



FINIS.

